



Glen. 70.

THE GLEN COLLECTION
OF SCOTTISH MUSIC

Presented by Lady Dorothea Ruggles-
Brise to the National Library of Scotland,
in memory of her brother, Major Lord
George Stewart Murray, Black Watch,
killed in action in France in 1914.

28th January 1927.

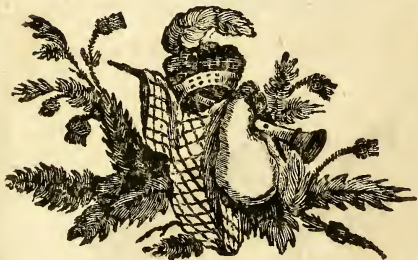


x Glen 70.

THE
CALEDONIAN SONGSTER;

A
SELECTION

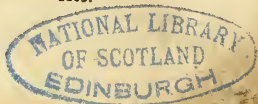
OF
Choice Scottish Songs.



Edinburgh :

PRINTED BY T. OLIVER, FOR
GEORGE MILLER, DUNBAR.

1805.



ALBIONIA IN AMERICA

1850

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SCOTTISH SONGS.

Of a' the Airts the Wind can blaw.

TUNE—Miss Admiral Gordon.

OF a' the airts the wind can blaw,
I dearly like the west,
For there the bonny lassie lives,
The lass that I lo'e best ;
Tho' wild woods grow, an' rivers row,
Wi' monie a hill between,
Baith day an' night, my fancy's flight
Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flow'r,
Sae lovely, sweet, an' fair ;
I hear her voice in ilka bird,
Wi' music charm the air :
There's not a bonny flow'r that springs
By fountain, shaw, or green ;
Nor yet a bonny bird that sings,
But minds me o' my Jean.

Upon the banks o' flowing Clyde
The lasses busk them braw,
But when their best they ha'e put on,
My Jeany dings them a';
In hamely weeds she far exceeds
The fairest of the town;
Baith grave an' gay confess it sae,
Tho' drest in rustic gown,

The gamesome lamb that sucks the dam,
Mair harmless canna be;
She has nae faut, (if sic we ca't),
Except her love for me;
The sparkling dew, of clearest hue,
Is like her shining een;
In shape an' air, wha can compare,
Wi' my sweet lovely Jean?

O blaw, ye westlin winds, blaw saft
Among the leafy trees,
Wi' gentle breath, frae muir and dale
Bring hame the laden bees,
An' bring the lassie back to me,
That's ay sae neat an' clean,
Ae blink o' her wad banish care,
Sae lovely is my Jean.

What sighs an' vows, among the knowes,
Hae past atween us twa!

How fain to meet, how wae to part
 That day she gaed awa' ;
 The pow'rs aboon can only ken,
 To whom the heart is seen,
 That nane can be sae dear to me,
 As my sweet lovely Jean.

Bruce's Address.

TUNE—Hey titti tatti.

Scots, wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled ;
 Scots, wham Bruce has aften led ;
 Welcome to your gory bed,
 Or to glorious victory !

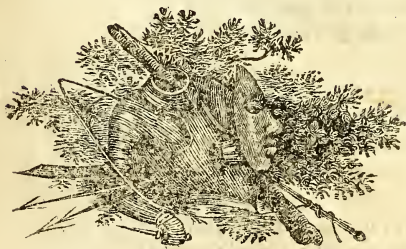
Now's the day, an' now's the hour !
 See the front of battle lour ;
 See approach proud Edward's pow'r,---
 Edward, chains, an' slavery !

Wha will be a traitor knave ?
 Wha can fill a coward's grave ?
 Wha sae base as be a slave ?
 Traitor, coward, turn an' flee !

Wha for Scotland's king an' law,
Freedom's sword will strongly draw?
Freeman stand, or freeman fa',
Caledonian, on wi' me.

By oppression's woes and pains;
By your sons in servile chains;
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be, shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low;
Tyrants fall in ev'ry foe;
Liberty's in every blow!
Forward---let us do or die!



Behind yon Hills.

TUNE—My Nanie, O.

BEHIND yon hills, where Stinchar flows,
 'Mang moors an' mosses many, O,
 The wintry sun the day has clos'd,
 An' I'll awa to Nanie, O.

The westlin wind blaws loud an' shill;
 The night's baith mirk an' rainy, O;
 I'll get my plaid, an' out I'll steal,
 An' owre the hill to Nanie, O.

My Nanie's charming, sweet, an' young;
 Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O;
 May ill befa' the flatt'ring tongue
 That wad beguile my Nanie, O.

Her face is fair, her heart is true,
 As spotless as she's bonie, O;
 The op'ning gowan, wet wi' dew,
 Nae purer is than Nanie, O.

A country lad is my degree,
 An' few there be that ken me, O;
 But what care I how few there be,
 I'm welcome ay to Nanie, O.

My riches a's my penny fee,
An' I maun guide it cannie, O ;
But warl's gear ne'er troubles me,
My thoughts are a' my Nanie, O.

Our auld guidman delights to view
His sheep an' kye thrive bonie, O ;
But I'm as blythe that hauds his pleugh,
An' has nae care but Nanie, O.

Come weel, come woe, I carena by,
I'll tak' what Heav'n will send me, O ;
Nae ither care in life ha'e I,
But live, an' love my Nanie, O.



Though Women's Minds.

TUNE—For a' that.

THOUGH women's minds like winter winds,
May shift and turn, an' a' that,
The noblest breast adores them maist,
A consequence I draw that.

For a' that, an' a' that,
An' twice as miekle's a' that,
The bonny lass that I lo'e best
She'll be my ain for a' that.

Great love I bear to a' the fair,
Their humble slave, an' a' that;
But lordly Will, I hold still,
A mortal sin to thraw that.
For a' that, &c.

But there is ane aboon the lave,
Has wit an' sense, an' a' that;
A bonny lass, I like her best;
An' wha a crime dare ca' that.
For a' that, &c.

In rapture sweet this hour we meet,
Wi' mutual love an' a' that;

But for how lang the flie may stang,
Let inclination law that.
For a' that, &c.

Their tricks an' craft hae put me daft,
They've ta'en me in, an' a' that ;
But clear your decks, an' here's the sex !
I like the jades for a' that.
For a' that, &c.



Auld Langsyne.

TUNE.—Sir Alexander Don's Strathspey.

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,
 An' never brought to mind ;
 Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
 An' days o' langsyne.

For auld langsyne, my dear ;
 For auld langsyne ;
 We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
 For auld langsyne.

We twa hae run about the braes,
 An' pu'd the gowans fine :
 But we've wander'd mony a weary fitt,
 Sin' auld langsyne.
 For auld langsyne, &c.

We twa hae paidelt in the burn,
 Whan simmer days were prime,
 But seas between us braid hae roar'd,
 Sin' auld langsyne.
 For auld langsyne, &c.

An' there's a hand my trusty feire,
 An' gies a haud o' thine,

An' toom the cup to friendship's growth
An' auld langsyne.

For auld langsyne, &c.

An' surely ye'll be your pint-stoup,
As sure as I'll be mine,
An' we'll tak a right guid williëwaught
For auld langsyne.

For auld langsyne, my dear,
For auld langsyne,
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
For auld langsyne.



The Miller.

To its own Tune.

MERRY may the maid be
That marries the miller,
For foul day and fair day,
He's ay bringing till her ;
He's ay a penny in his purse
For dinner, and for supper ;
And gin she please a good fat cheese,
And lumps o' yellow butter.

When Jamie first did woo me,
I spier'd, what was his calling ?
Fair maid, says he, O come and see,
Ye're welcome to my dwelling :
Tho' I was shy, yet I could spy
The truth of what he told me,
And that his house was warm and couth,
And room in it to hold me.

Behind the door a bag of meal,
And in the kist was plenty
Of good hard cakes, his mither bakes,
And bannocks were na scanty ;
A good fat sow, a sleeky cow
Was standing in the byre ;

Whilst lazy puss wi' mealy mouse
Was playing at the fire.

Good signs are these, my mither says,
And bids me tak the miller ;
For foul day and fair day,
He's ay bringing till her ;
For meal and malt she does na want,
Nor ony thing that's dainty ;
And now and then a keckling hen
To lay her eggs in plenty.

In winter when the wind and rain
Blaws o'er the house and byre,
He sits beside a clean hearth stane,
Before a rousing fire ;
With nut-brown ale he tells his tale,
Which rows him o'er fu' nappy :
Who'd be a king,—a petty thing,
When a miller lives so happy ?



My Only Jo an' Dearie O.

To its own Tune.

THY cheek is o' the roses hue,
My only jo an' dearie O;
Thy neck is o' the siller dew,
Upon the bank sae brierie O;
Thy teeth are o' the ivory,
O sweet's the twinkle o' thine ee,
Nae joy, nae pleasure, blinks on me,
My only jo an' dearie O.

The birdie sings upon the thorn,
It sings o' joy fu' cheerie O,
Rejoicing in the simmer morn,
Nae care to mak it eerie O;
But little kens the sangster sweet,
Aught o' the care I hae to meet,
That gars my restless bosom beat,
My only jo an' dearie O.

Whan we were bairnies on yon brae,
An' youth was blinkin bonnie O,
Aft we wad daff the li'elang day,
Our joys fu' sweet an' monie O.
Aft I wad chace thee o'er the lee,
An' round about the thorny tree;

Or pu' the wild flowers a' for thee,
My only jo an' dearie O.

I hae a wish I canna tine,
'Mang a' the cares that grieve me O,
I wish that thou wert ever mine,
An' never mair to leave me O ;
Then I wad daut thee night an' day,
Nae ither war'dly care wad hae,
Till life's warm stream forgot to play,
My only jo an' dearie O.



What is that to you.

To its own Tune.

My Jeany and I hae toil'd,
The live-lang summer day,
Till we amaist were spoiled
At making of the hay :
Her kurchy was of Holland clear,
Ty'd on her bonny brow ;
I whisper'd something in her ear
But, what is that to you ?

Her stockings were of Kersey green,
As tight as ony silk ;
O sic a leg was never seen ;
Her skin was white as milk :
Her hair was black as ane could wish,
And sweet, sweet was her mou ;
Oh ! Jeany daintily can kiss ;
But, what is that to you ?

The rose and lily baith combine
To mak my Jeany fair ;
There is nae benison like mine,
I hae amaist nae care ;

Only I fear my Jeany's face
May cause mae men to rue ;
And that may gar me cry, Alas !
But, what is that to you ?

Conceal those beauties if thou can,
Hide that sweet face of thine,
That I may only be the man
Enjoys those looks divine.
O do not prostitute my dear,
Wonders to common view, ,
And I with faithful heart, shall swear
For ever to be true.

King Solomon had wives anew,
And mony a concubine ;
But, I enjoy a bliss mair true
His joys are short of mine :
And Jeany's happier than they,
She seldom wants her due ;
All debts of love to her I'll pay ;
But, what is that to you ?

Tweedside.

To its own Tune.

WHAT beauties does Flora disclose ?

How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed ?

Yet Mary's still sweeter than those !

Both nature and fancy exceed.

No daisy nor sweet blushing rose,

Nor all the gay flowers of the field,

Nor Tweed gliding gently thro' those,

Such beauty and pleasure does yield.

The warblers are heard in the grove,

The linnet, the lark, and the thrush,

The blackbird, and sweet cooing dove,

With music enchant every bush.

Come, let us go forth to the mead,

Let us see how the primroses spring ;

We'll lodge in some village on Tweed,

And love while the feather'd folks sing.

How does my love pass the long day ?

Does Mary not tend a few sheep ?

Do they never carelessly stray,

While happily she lies asleep ?

Tweed's murmurs should lull her to rest ;
Kind nature indulging my bliss,
To relieve the soft pains of my breast,
I'll steal an ambrosial kiss.

'Tis she does the virgins excel,
No beauty with her may compare ;
Love's graces around her do dwell :
She's fairest, where thousands are fair.
Say, charmer, where do thy flocks stray ?
Oh ! tell me at noon where they feed ?
Shall I seek them on sweet-winding Tay,
Or the pleasanter banks of the Tweed ?



O wat ye wha's in yon Town.

TUNE—We'll gang nae mair to yon Town.

④ WAT ye wha's in yon town,
Ye see the e'ening sun upon?
The dearest maid's in yon town,
His setting beams ere shone upon.

Now haply down yon gay green shaw,
She wanders by yon spreading tree;
How blest ye flow'rs that round her blaw!
Ye catch the glances o' her e'e.
O wat, &c.

How blest ye birds that round her sing,
And wanton in the blooming year;
But doubly welcome be the spring,
The season to my Jeanie dear.
O wat, &c.

The sun blinks blyth on yon town,
Amang the broomy braes sae green;
But my delight's in yon town,
And dearest pleasure is my Jean.
O wat, &c.

Without my fair, not a' the charms
O' paradise could yield me joy ;
But gie me Jeanie in my arms,
And welcome Lapland's dreary sky,
O wat, &c.

My cave wad be a lover's bower,
Tho' raging winter rent the air,
And she a lovely little flower,
That I wad tent and shelter there.
O wat, &c.

If angry fate be sworn my foe,
An' suff'ring I am doom'd to bear,
I'd careless quit ought here below :
But spare, oh ! spare my Jeanie dear.
O wat, &c.

For while life's dearest blood runs warm,
My thoughts frae her shall ne'er depart ;
For as most lovely is her form,
She has the truest, kindest heart.
O wat, &c.

John Anderson my Jo.

To its own Tune.

JOHN Anderson my jo, John, I wonder what ye mean,
To rise sae early in the morn, and sit sae late at e'en;
Ye'll blear out a' your een John, and why shou'd ye
do so?

Gang sooner to your bed at e'en, John Anderson my jo.

John Anderson my jo, John, ye were my first conceit,
Ye need na think it strange, John, tho' I lo'e you
ear' and late;

They say ye're turnin auld, John, I scarce believe
it's so,

For I think ye're ay the same to me, John Ander-
son my jo.

John Anderson my jo, John, when we were first
acquaint,

Your locks were like the raven, John, your bonny
brow was brent;

But now ye've turned bald, John, your locks are
like the snow,

My blessings on your frosty pow, John Anderson
my jo.

John Anderson my jo, John, we've seen our bairn's
bairns ;

And yet, my dear John Anderson, I'm happy in
your arms ;

And sae are ye in mine John, I'm sure ye'll ne'er
sae no,

Tho' the days are past that we have seen, John An-
derson my jo.

John Anderson my jo, John, frae year to year
we've past ;

And soon that year may come, John, that will bring
us to our last ;

But let that not affright us, John, our hearts were
ne'er our foe,

While in innocent delight we've liv'd, John Ander-
son my jo.

John Anderson my jo, John, we've climb'd the hill
thegither,

And mony a canty day, John, we've had wi' ane
anither ;

Now we maun totter down, John, and hand in hand
we'll go,

And we'll sleep thegither at the fit, John Anderson
my jo.

Is there for Honest Poverty.

TUNE—For a' that.

Is there for honest poverty,
Wha hangs his head an' a' that?
The coward slave we pass him by,
And dare be poor for a' that.
For a' that, an' a' that,
Our toils obscure an' a' that,
The rank is but the guinea-stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that.

What though on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hoddin grey an' a' that?
Gie fools their silks an' knaves their wine,
A man's a man for a' that.
For a' that, an' a' that,
Their tinsel shew an' a' that;
An honest man, tho' ne'er sae poor,
Is chief o' men, for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie ca'd a lord,
Wha struts an' stares, an' a' that,
Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a cuif, for a' that.

For a' that, an' a' that,
His ribband, star, an' a' that ;
A man of independent mind,
Can look, an' laugh at a' that.

The king can mak' a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, an' a' that,
An honest man's aboon his might,
Guid faith, he manna fa' that !
For a' that, an' a' that,
His dignities an' a that :
'The pith o' sense, an' pride o' worth,
Are grander far than a' that.

Then let us pray, that come it may,
As come it shall for a' that ;
That sense and worth o'er a' the earth,
Shall bear the gree, an' a' that :
For a' that, an' a' that,
Its comin' yet, for a' that ;
When man an' man, o'er a' the earth,
Shall brithers be, an' a' that.

Highland Mary.

TUNE—Katharine Ogie.

YE banks and braes, and streams around
The castle o' Montgomery,
Green be your woods, and fair your flow'rs,
Your waters never drumlie :
There simmer first unfaulds her robes,
And there they langest tarry ;
For there I took the last fareweel,
Of my dear Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk,
How rich the hawthorn's blossom :
As underneath her fragrant shade,
I clasp'd her to my bosom !
The golden hours, on angel wings,
Flew o'er me and my dearie ;
For dear to me, as light and life,
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' mony a vow, and lock'd embrace,
Our parting was fu' tender ;
And pledging aft to meet again,
We tore ourselves asunder.

But oh ! fell death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flow'r so early ;
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary !

O pale, pale now, those rosy lips,
I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly !
And clos'd for ay, the sparkling glance
That dwalt on me sae kindly !
And mouldering now in silent dust,
That heart that lo'ed me dearly !
But still within my bosom's core,
Shall live my Highland Mary.



The Wauking o' the Fauld.

To its own Tune.

My Peggy is a young thing,
Just enter'd in her teens,
Fair as the day, an' sweet as May,
Fair as the day, an' always gay :
My Peggy is a young thing,
An' I'm no very auld,
Yet weel I like to meet her at
The wauking o' the fauld.

My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,
Whene'er we meet alane,
I wish nae mair to lay my care,
I wish nae mair o' a' that's rare :
My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,
To a' the lave I'm cauld ;
But she gars a' my spirits glow,
At wauking o' the fauld.

My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
Whene'er I whisper love,
That I look down on a' the town ;
That I look down upon a crown :

My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
It maks me blyth an' bauld ;
An' naething gies me sic delight,
As wauking o' the fauld.

My Peggy sings sae saftly,
When on my pipe I play ;
By a' the rest it is confest,
By a' the rest, that she sings best :
My Peggy sings sae saftly,
An' in her sangs are tald,
With innocence the wale o'sense,
At wauking o' the fauld



Gude forgi'e me.

To its own Tune.

A day a braw wooer came down the lang glen,
An' sair wi' his love he did deave me ;
But I said, there was naething I hated like men,
But O ! what a fool to believe me.

A weel stocket mailen, himsell for the laird,
A bridal aff hand was the proffer,
I never loot on that I kent it, or car'd ;
But thought I might get a waur offer.

He spak o' the darts o' my bonny black een,
An' how for my love he was diein' ;
I said, he might die when he liket for Jean,
The Gude forgi'e me for liein' !

But what do ye think, in a fortnight or less,
(The diel's in his taste to gae near her),
He's down the lang glen to my black cousin Bess,
Guess ye how the jade I could bear her !

Sae a' the neist ouk as I fretted wi' care,
I gaed to the tryst o' Dulgarlock ;
An' wha but my braw fickle wooer was there,
Wha glowr'd as if he'd seen a warlock.

Out o'er my left shouther I gied him a blink,
Lest neibours shou'd think I was saucy ;
My wooer he caper'd as he'd been in drink,
An' vow'd that I was a dear lassie.

I spier'd for my cousin, fu' couthie an' sweet,
If she had recover'd her hearin ;
An' how my auld shoon fitted her shachel'd feet,
Gude safe us ! how he fell a swearin.

He begg'd me, for Gudesake ! that I'd be his wife,
Or else I-wad kill him wi' sorrow ;
Sae just to preserve the poor body in life,
I think I shall wed him to-morrow.



Kind Robin lo'es me.

To its own Tune.

ROBIN is my only jo ;
Robin has the art to lo'e,
So to his suit I mean to bow,
Because I ken he lo'es me.
Happy, happy was the show'r,
That led me to his birken bow'r,
Whar first of love I fand the pow'r,
An' kend that Robin lo'ed me.

They speak of napkins, speak of rings,
Speak of gloves an' kissing strings,
An' name a thousand bonny things,
An' ca' them signs he lo'es me ;
But I'd prefer a smack o' Rob,
Sporting on the velvet fog,
To gifts as lang's a plaiden wob,
Because I ken he lo'es me.

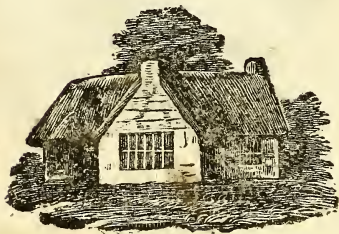
He's tall an' sonsy, frank an' free,
Lo'ed by a', an' dear to me ;
Wi' him I'd live, wi' him I'd die,
Because my Robin lo'es me.
My titty Mary said to me,
Our courtship but a joke wad be,
An' I, e'er lang, be made to see,
That Robin didna lo'e me.

But little kens she what has been,
Me an' my honest Rob between,
An' in his wooing, O sae keen,
Kind Robin is that lo'es me.

Then fly ye lazy hours away,
An' hasten on the happy day,
When, join your hands, Mess John shall say,
An' mak him mine that lo'es me.

Till then let every chance unite,
To weigh our love an' fix delight,
An' I'll look down on such wi' spite,
Wha doubts that Robin lo'es me.

O hey, Robin, quo' she,
O hey, Robin, quo' she,
O hey, Robin, quo' she,
Kind Robin lo'es me.



Beneath a Green Shade.

TUNE—Braes of Ballenden.

BENEATH a green shade, a lovely young swain,
 One evening reclin'd to discover his pain.
 So sad, yet so sweetly, he warbled his woe,
 The winds ceas'd to breathe, and the fountains to flow;
 Rude winds with compassion could hear him complain;
 Yet Chloë, less gentle, was deaf to his strain.

How happy, he cry'd, my moments once flew,
 Ere Chloë's bright charms first flash'd on my view!
 These eyes then with pleasure the dawn could survey,
 Nor smil'd the fair morning more cheerfu' than they;
 Now scenes of distress please only my sight---
 I'm tortur'd in pleasure, an' languish in light.

Thro' changes, in vain, relief I pursue;
 All, all but conspire my grief to renew;
 From sunshine to zephyrs an' shades we repair,
 To sunshine we fly from too piercing an air;
 But love's ardent fever burns always the same;
 No winter can cool it, no summer inflame.

But see the pale moon all clouded retires;
 The breezes grow cool, not Strephen's desires;

I fly from the dangers of tempest an' wind,
 Yet nourish the madness that preys on my mind ;
 Ah wretch ! how can life thus merit thy care ?
 Since length'ning its moments but lengthens despair !

Blythe ha'e I been.

TUNE—Quaker's Wife.

BLYTHE ha'e I been on yon hill,
 As the lambs before me ;
 Careless ilka thought an' free,
 As the breeze flew o'er me.
 Now nae langer sport an' play,
 Mirth, or sang, can please me ;
 Lesley is sae fair an' coy,
 Care an' anguish seize me,

Heavy, heavy is the task,
 Hopeless love declaring ;
 Trembling I dow nought but glowr,
 Sighing, dumb, despairing !
 If she winna ease the throbs
 Iu my bosom swelling,
 Underneath the grass green sod,
 Soon maun be my dwelling !

Maggy Lauder.

To its own Tune.

WHA wadna be in love
 Wi' bonny Maggy Lauder?
 A piper met her gaun to Fife,
 An' spier'd what was't they ca'd her;
 Right scornfully she answer'd him,
 Begone, you hallanshaker,
 Jog on your gate, you bladderskate,
 My name is Maggy Lauder.

Maggy, quoth he, an' by my bags,
 I'm fidgin' fain to see thee;
 Sit down by me, my bonny bird,
 In troth I winna steer thee;
 For I'm a piper to my trade,
 My name is Rob the Ranter,
 The lasses loup as they were daft
 When I blaw up my chanter.

Piper, quoth Meg, ha'e you your bags,
 Or is your drone in order;
 If you be Rob I've heard of you,
 Live you upon the border?
 The lasses a' baith far an' near,
 Ha'e heard o' Rob the Ranter;
 I'll shake my foot wi' right good will,
 Gif ye'll blaw up your chanter,

Then to his bags he flew wi' speed,
About the drone he twisted ;
Meg up an wallop'd o'er the green,
For brawly could she frisk it.
Weel done, quoth he, play up, quoth she,
Weel bob'd, quoth Rob the Ranter,
'Tis worth my while to play indeed,
When I hae sic a dancer.

Weel hae you play'd your part, quoth Meg,
Your cheeks are like the crimson :
There's nane in Scotland plays sae weel,
Since we lost Habby Simpson.
I've liv'd in Fife, baith maid an' wife,
These ten years an' a quarter ;
Gin ye shou'd come to Enster fair,
Speer ye for Maggy Lauder.



Ane an' Twenty Tam.

To its own Tune.

AN' O for ane an' twenty, Tam,
 An' hey, sweet ane and twenty Tam;
 I'll learn my kin a rattlin' sang,
 An' I saw ane an' twenty Tam.

They snool me sair, an' haud me down,
 An' gar me look like bluntie, Tam :
 But three short years will soon wheel roun',
 An' then comes ane an' twenty, Tam.
 An' O for, &c.

A gleib o' lan', a claut o' gear,
 Was left me by my auntie, Tam ;
 At kith, or kin, I needna spier,
 An' I saw ane an' twenty, Tam.
 An' O for, &c.

They'll hae me wed a wealthy coof,
 Tho' I myself hae plenty, Tam ;
 But hear'st thou, laddie, there's my loof,
 I'm thine at ane an' twenty, Tam.
 An' O for, &c.

Patie's Wedding.

To its own Tune.

As Patie came up frae the glen,
Drivin' his wedders before him,
He met bonny Meg ganging hame,
Her beauty was like for to smoor him;
O dinna ye ken, bonny Meg,
That you an' I's gaen to be married?
I rather had broken my leg,
Before sic a bargain miscarried.

Na, Patie—O wha's tell'd you that?
I think that of news they've been scanty,
That I should be married sae soon,
Or yet should ha'e been sae flanty:
I winna be married the year,
Suppose I were courted by twenty;
Sae, Patie, ye need nae mair speer,
For weel a wat I dinna want ye.

Now, Maggy, what maks ye sae sweer?
Is't cause that I hae na a maillen?
The lad that has plenty o' gear
Need ne'er want a hauf nor a hale ane.

My dad has a good grey mare,
An' yours has twa cows an' a filly;
An' that will be plenty o' gear,
Sae Maggy, be not sae ill-willy.

Indeed, Patie, I dinna ken,
But first I maun spier at my daddy;
You're as well born as Ben,
An' I canna say but I'm ready:
There's plenty o' yarn on the clues,
To mak me a coat an' a jimpy,
An' plaiden eneugh to be trews,
Gif I get ye, I shanna scrimp ye.

Now fair fa' ye, my bonny Meg,
It's let a wee smacky fa' on you;
May my neck be as lang as my leg,
If I be an ill husband to you;
Sae gang your way hame e'now,
Mak ready gin this day fifteen days,
An' tell your father the news,
That I'll be his son in great kindness.

It was nae lang after that,
Wha cam to our bigging but Patie,
Weel drest in a braw new coat,
An' wow but he thought himsell pretty;
His bannet was little frae new,
In it was a loop an' a slitty,

To tie in a ribbon sae blue,
To bab at the neck o' his coaty.

Then Patie came in wi' a sten',
Said, peace be here to the bigging.
You're welcome, quo' William, come ben,
Or I wish it may rive frae the rigging:
Now draw in your seat an' sit down,
An' tell's a' your news in a hurry;
An' haste ye Meg, an' be done,
An' hing on the pan wi' the berry.

Quoth Patie, my news is nae thrang;
Yestreen I was wi' his Honour;
I've ta'en three riggs o' bra' land,
An' hae bound mysell under a bonour:
An' now my errand to you
Is for Maggy to help me to labour:
I think ye maun gies the best cow;
Because that our hadden's but sober.

Weel, now for to help you through,
I'll be at the cost of the bridal;
I've cut the craig o' the ewe
That had amaist died o' the side-ill;
An' that will be plenty o' bree,
Sae lang as our weel is nae reisted,
To all the good neibours an' we,
An' I think we'll no be that ill feasted.

Quoth Patie, O that'll do weel,
An' I'll gie you brose in the morning,
O' kail that was made yestreen,
For I like them best in the forenoon :
Sae Tam, the piper, did play,
An' ilka ane danc'd that was willing,
An' a' the lave they ranked through,
An' they held the stoupy ay filling.

The auld wives sat an' they chew'd,
An' when that the carles grew nappy,
They danc'd as weel as they dow'd,
Wi' a crack o' their thumbs, an' a kappie.
The lad that wore the white band,
I think they ca'd him Jamie Mather,
An' he took the bride by the hand,
An' cry'd, to play up Maggie Lauder.



Blythe was she.

TUNE—Andrew and his Cutty Gub.

BLYTHE, blythe an' merry was she,
 Blythe was she butt an' ben :
 Blythe by the banks o' Ern,
 And blythe in Glenturit glen.

By Oughtertyre grows the aik,
 On Yarrow banks the birkin shaw ;
 But Phemie was a bonnier lass
 Than braes of Yarrow ever saw.
 Blythe, &c.

Her looks were like the flow'r in May,
 Her smile was like a simmer morn ;
 She tripped by the banks of Ern,
 As light's a bird upon a thorn.
 Blythe, &c.

Her bonny face it was as meek
 As ony lamb upon a lee ;
 Th e'ening sun was ne'er sae sweet
 As was the blink o' Phemie's ee.
 Blythe, &c.

The Highland hills I've wander'd wide,
 An' o'er the Lowlands I ha'e been,
 But Phemie was the blythest lass,
 That ever trode the dewy green.
 Blythe, &c.

Yarrow Braes.

TUNE—Galla Water.

BRAW, braw lads on Yarrow braes,
 Ye wander thro' the blooming heathery;
 But Yarrow braes, nor Ettrick shaws,
 Can match the lads o' Galla water.

But there is ane, a secret ane,
 Aboon them a' I looe him better;
 An' I'll be his, an' he'll be mine,
 The bonnie lad o' Galla water.

Altho his daddie was nae laird,
 An' tho' I ha'e nae meikle tocher,
 Yet rich in kindest, truest love,
 We'll tent our flocks by Galla water.

It ne'er was wealth, it ne'er was wealth,
 That coft contentment, peace, or pleasure;
 The bands an' bliss o' mutual love,
 O that's the chiefest warld's treasure!

Duncan Gray.

To its own Tune.

DUNCAN Gray cam here to woo,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't;
On new-year's day when we were fou,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
Maggie coost her head fu' heigh,
Look'd asklant an' unco skeigh;
Gart poor Duncan stand abeigh,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan fleech'd, an' Duncan pray'd,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't;
Meg was deaf as Ailsa craig,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
Duncan sigh'd baith out an' in,
Grat his e'en baith blear'd an' blin',
Spak o' loupin' o'er a lin,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Time an' chance are but a tide,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
Slighted love is sair to bide,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't;

Shall I, like a fool, quoth he,
For a haughty hussy die ;
She may gae to France for me,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

How it comes let dortons tell,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't ;
Meg grew sick, as he grew well,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't ;
Something in her bosom wrings,
For relief, a sigh she brings,
An' oh her e'en they spak sic things,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan was a lad o' grace,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't ;
Maggy's was a ticklish case,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
Duncan could not be her death,
Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath :
Now they're crouse an' canty baith,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.



For the Sake of Gold.

To its own Tune.

FOR the sake of gold she's left me,
And of all that's dear bereft me ;
She me forsook for a great duke,
And to endless woe she's left me.
A star an' garter have more art
Than youth, a true an' faithful heart ;
For empty titles we must part ;
For glittering show she's left me.

No cruel fair shall ever move
My injur'd heart again to love ;
Thro' distant climates I must rove,
Since Jeany she has left me.
Ye pow'rs above, I to your care
Resign my faithless, lovely fair ;
Your choicest blessings be her share,
Tho' she has ever left me.

Had I a Cave.

TUNE—Robin Adair.

HAD I a cave on some wild distant shore,
Where the winds howl to the waves dashing roar,
There would I weep my woes,
There seek my lost repose,
Till grief my eyes should close,
Ne'er to wake more.

Falsest of woman kind, canst thou declare,
All thy fond plighted vows, fleeting as air !
To thy new lover hie,
Laugh o'er thy perjury—
Then in thy bosom try
What peace is there !



How sweet the Rose blows.

TUNE—Kellyburn Braes.

How sweet the rose blows, it fades and it fa's ;
Red is the rose, and bonie, O :
It brings to my mind what my dear laddie was ;
So bloom'd, so cut off, was my Johnnie, O.

Now peace is return'd, but nae joy brings to me ;
Red is the rose and bonie, O :
For cauld is his cheek, and beamless his e'e,
And nae mair beats the heart of my Johnnie, O.

Ah! why did he leave me, and leave these sweet
plains ;
Red is the rose, and bonie, O :
Where smiling contentment and peace ever reigns ?
But they'll ne'er bloom again for my Johnnie, O.

Nor to me will their beauties e'er pleasure impart ;
Red is the rose and bonie, O :
For sunk is my spirits, and broken my heart,
Soon I'll meet ne'er to part frae my Johnnie, O.

Nae Luck about the House.

To its own Tune.

BUT are ye sure the news is true?

An' are ye sure he's weel?

Is this a time to think o' wark?

Mak haste, fling by your wheel.

There's nae luck about the house,

There's nae luck at a',

There's nae luck about the house,

When our gudeman's awa'.

Is this a time to think o' wark,

When Colin's at the door?

Rax me my cloak, I'll to the quay,

And see him come ashore.

There's nae luck, &c.

Rise up an' mak a clean fire-side,

Put on the muckle pat;

Gie little Kate her cotton gown,

And Jock his Sunday's hat.

There's nae luck, &c.

An' mak their shoon as black as slaes,

Their stockings white as snaw;

E

Its a' to pleasure our gudeman,
He likes to see them braw.
There's nae luck, &c.

There's twa fat hens into the crib,
Hae fed this month an' mair,
Mak haste, an' thraw their necks about,
That Colin weel may fare.
There's nae luck, &c.

Bring down to me my bigonet,
My bishop-satin gown,
An' then gae tell the Bailie's wife
That Colin's come to town.
There's nae luck, &c.

My Turkey slippers I'll put on,
My stockings pearl blue,
An' a' to pleasure our gudeman,
For he's baith leal an' true.
There's nae luck, &c.



Johnny and Mary.

To its own Tune.

Down the burn, an' thro' the mead,
His golden locks wav'd o'er his brow,
Johnny lilting tun'd his reed,
An' Mary wip'd her bonny mou'.
Dear she lo'ed the well-known song,
While her Johnny, blythe an' bonny,
Sung her praise the whole day long.
Down the burn, &c.

Costly claes she had but few ;
Of rings an' jewels nae great store ;
Her face was fair, her love was true,
An' Johnny wisely wish'd no more ;
Love's the pearl the shepherds prize ;
O'er the mountain, near the fountain,
Love delights the shepherd's eyes.
Down the burn, &c.

Gold and titles give not health,
An' Johnny cou'd na these impart ;
Youthfu' Mary's greatest wealth
Was still her faithfu' Johnny's heart.

Sweet the joys the lovers find ;
 Great the treasure, sweet the pleasure,
 Where the heart is always kind.
 Down the burn, &c.

Logie o' Buchan.

To its own Tune.

O LOGIE o' Buchan, an' Logie the laird,
 They hae ta'en awa Jamie, that delv'd in the yard,
 Wha play'd on the pipe, an' the viol sae sma' ;
 They hae ta'en awa Jamie, the flow'r o' them a'.
 He said, think na lang, lassie, tho' I gang awa ;
 He said, think na lang, lassie, tho' I gang awa :
 For the simmer is coming, cauld winter's awa,
 An' I'll come an' see you in spite o' them a'.

Sandy has ousen, has gear, an' has kye ;
 A house an' a hadden, an' siller forbye :
 But I'd rather hae Jamie, wi' his staff in his hand,
 Before I'd hae Sandy, wi' houses an' land.
 He said, think na lang, lassie, &c.

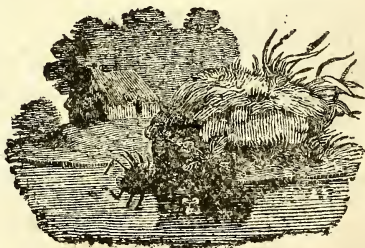
My daddie looks sulky, my minnie looks sour ;
 They frown upon Jamie, because he is poor :

Tho' I lo'e them as well as a daughter should do,
Yet I lo'e them nae hauf sae weel, Jamie, as you.

He said, think na lang, lassie, &c.

Sit on my creepie, an' spin at my wheel,
Think on the laddie wha lo'ed me sae weel;
For he had but ae saxpence, he brak it in twa,
An' he gied me the hauf o't when he gaed awa.

Then haste ye back, Jamie, an' bide na awa;
Then haste ye back, Jamie, an' bide na awa;
Simmer is coming, cauld winter's awa,
An' ye'll come an' see me, in spite o' them a'.



Gone awa from me, Mary.

To its own Tune.

Thou art gone awa, thou art gone awa,
Thou art gone awa from me, Mary ;
Nor friends nor I could make thee stay,
Thou hast cheated them an' me, Mary.
Until this hour I never thought
That ought could alter thee, Mary ;
Thou'rt still the mistress of my heart,
Think what you will of me, Mary.

Whate'er he said, or might pretend,
That stole that heart of thine, Mary ;
True love I'm sure was ne'er his end,
Or nae such love as mine, Mary.
I spoke sincere, nor flatter'd much,
Had no unworthy thoughts, Mary ;
Ambition, wealth, nor naething such,
No---I lov'd only thee, Mary.

Tho' you've been false, yet while I live,
No other maid I'll woo, Mary ;
Till friends forget, and I forgive
Thy wrongs to them and me, Mary :

So then farewell ; of this be sure,
 Since you've been false to me, Mary ;
 For all the world I'll not endure
 Half what I've done for thee, Mary.

Could Kail in Aberdeen.

To its own Tune.

THERE's could kail in Aberdeen,
 An' castocks in Stra'bogie ;
 Gin I hae but a bonny lass,
 Ye're welcome to your cogie,
 An' ye may sit up a' the night,
 An' drink till it be braid day-light ;
 Gie me a lass that's clean an' tight,
 To dance the reel of Bogie.

In cotillons the French excel ;
 John Bull in country dances ;
 The Spaniards dance fandangos well,
 Mynheer an al'mande prances ;
 In foursome reels the Scots delight,
 The threesome maist dance wondrous light,
 But twasome ding a' out o' sight,
 Danc'd to the reel of Bogie.

Come lads, an' view your partners well,
Wyle each a blythsome rogie ;
I'll tak this lassie to mysell,
She seems sae keen an' vogie :
Now, piper lad, bang up the spring ;
The country fashion is the thing,
To prie their mou's ere we begin
To dance the reel of Bogie.

Now ilka lad has got his lass,
Save yon auld doited Fogie,
An' ta'en a fling upon the grass,
As they do in Stra'bogie ;
But a' the lasses look sae fain,
We canna think oursell to hain,
For they maun hae their come-again
To dance the reel of Bogie.

Now a' the lads hae done their best,
Like true men of Stra'bogie ;
We'll stop a while an' tak a rest,
An' tipple out a cogie ;
Comé now, my lads, an' tak your glass,
An' try each other to surpass,
In wishing health to every lass,
To dance the reel of Bogie.

Within a Mile of Edinburgh.

To its own Tune.

'Twas within a mile of Edinburgh town,
 In the rosy time of the year,
 Sweet flowers bloom'd, and the grass was down,
 And each shepherd wooed his dear :
 Bonny Jockey, blythe an' gay,
 Kiss'd sweet Jenny making hay ;
 The lassie blush'd, and frowning cry'd,
 No, no, it will not do ;
 cannot, cannot, wonnot, wonnot, mannot buckle to.

Jockey was a wag that never would wed,
 Tho' long he had follow'd the lass :
 Contented she earn'd and ate her brown bread,
 And merrily turn'd up the grass :
 Bonny Jockey, blythe an' free,
 Won her heart right merrily,
 Yet still she blush'd, an' frowning cry'd,
 No, no, it will not do ;
 cannot, cannot, wonnot, wonnot, mannot buckle to.

But when he vow'd he would make her his bride,
 Tho' his flocks and herds were not few,
 He gave him her hand, and a kiss beside,
 And vow'd she'd for ever be true ;

Bonny Jockey, blythe and free,
Won her heart right merrily ;
At church she no more frowning cry'd,
No, no, it will not do ;
I cannot, cannot, wonnot, wonnot, mannot buckle to.

Mary of Castle Cary.

A Gaelic Air.

SAW ye my wee thing? saw ye mine ain thing?
Saw ye my true-love down by yon lea?
Cross'd she the meadow yestreen at the gloamin?
Sought she the burnie, whar flow'rs the haw-tree?

Her hair it is lint-white, her skin it is milk-white;
Dark is the blue o' her soft-rolling ee!
Red, red her lip is, an' sweeter than roses:
Whar could my wee thing wander frae me?

" I saw na your wee thing, I saw na your ain thing,
" Nor saw I your true love down by yon lee:
" But I met my bonny thing late in the gloamin,
" Down by the burnie, whar flow'rs the haw-tree.

“ Her hair it was lint-white, her skin it was milk-
“ white ;

“ Dark was the blue o’ her saft-rolling ee ;

“ Red were her ripe lips, an’ sweeter than roses ;

“ Sweet were the kisses that she gae to me.”

It was na my wee thing, it was na mine ain thing ;

It was na my true love ye met by the tree !

Proud is her leal heart, an’ modest her nature,

She never loo’d leman till ance she loo’d me. ~

Her name it is Mary, she’s frae Castle-Cary ;

Aft has she sat, when a bairn, on my knee.

Fair as your face is, were’t fifty times fairer,

Young braggart, she ne’er wad gie kisses to thee !

“ It was then YOUR Mary, she’s frae Castle-Cary ;

“ It was then YOUR true love I met by the tree.

“ Proud as her heart is, an’ modest her nature,

“ Sweet were the kisses that she gae to me.”

Sair gloom’d his dark brow, blood-red his cheek
grew,

Wild flash’d the fire frae his red-rolling ee :

Ye’se rue sair this morning, your boasting an’ scorning ;

Defend, ye fause traitor, for loudly ye lie !

“ Awa wi’ beguiling,” then cried the youth, smiling :

Aff gaed the bonnet, the lint-white locks flee ;

The belted plaid fa'ing, her white bosom shawing,
Fair stood the lov'd maid wi' the dark rolling ee !

Is it my wee thing? is it mine ain thing?

Is it my true love here that I see?

“ O Jamie, forgie me ! your heart's constant to
“ me :

“ I'll never mair wander, my true love, frae thee.”

The Lee Rig.

To its own Tune.

WILL ye gang o'er the lee rig,

My ain kind dearie, O ;

An' cuddle there fu' kindly

Wi' me, my kind dearie, O ?

At thorny bush, or birken tree,

We'll daff, an' never weary, O ;

They'll scug ill een frae you an' me,

My ain kind dearie, O.

Nae herd, wi' kent or colly, there

Shall ever come to fear ye, O ;

But lav'röcks, whistling in the air,

Shall woo, like me, their dearie, O.

While ithers herd their lambs an' ewes,
An' toil for warld's gear, my jo,
Upon the lee my pleasure grows,
Wi' thee, my kind dearie, O.

At gloamin, if my lane I be,
Oh, but I'm wondrous eerie, O,
An' mony a heavy sigh I gie,
Whan absent frae my dearie, O:
But seated 'neath the milk-white thorn,
In ev'ning fair an' clearie, O,
Enraptur'd, a' my cares I scorn,
Whan wi' my kind dearie, O.

Whare thro' the birks the burnie rows,
Aft hae I sat fu' cheerie, O,
Upon the bonny greensward hows,
Wi' thee, my kind dearie, O.
I've courted till I've heard the crow
Of honest Chanticleerie, O,
Yet never miss'd my sleep ava,
Whan wi' my kind dearie, O.

For tho' the night were ne'er sae dark,
An' I were ne'er sae weary, O,
I'd meet thee on the lee rig,
My ain kind dearie, O.

While in this weary world o' wae,
 This wilderness sae dreary, O,
 What maks me blythe, an' keeps me sae ?
 'Tis thee, my kind dearie, O.

Tam Glen.

TUNE—Mucking o' Geordie's Byre.

My heart is a-breaking, dear tittie,
 Some counsel unto me come len' ;
 To anger them a' is a pity,
 But what will I do wi' Tam Glen ?
 I'm thinking, wi' sic a braw fallow,
 In poortith I might mak a fen' ;
 What care I in riches to wallow,
 If I mauna marry Tam Glen ?
 What care I, &c,

There's Lowrie, the laird o' Drummiller,
 Gude day to you brute, he comes ben,
 He brags an' he blaws o' his siller,
 But when will he dance like Tam Glen ?
 My minnie does constantly deave me,
 An' bids me beware o' young men ;
 They flatter, she says, to deceive me,
 But wha can think sae o' Tam Glen.
 They flatter, &c.

My daddy says, gin I'll forsake him,
 He'll gie me guid hunder marks ten :
 But if its ordain'd I maun tak him,
 O wha will I get but Tam Glen?
 Yestreen at the Valentines dealin,
 My heart to my mou gied a sten,
 For thrice I drew ane without failin,
 An' thrice it was written, Tam Glen.
 For thrice, &c.

The last halloween I was waukin,
 My droukit sark-sleeve, as ye ken,
 His likeness cam up the house staukin,
 An' the very grey breeks o' Tam Glen.
 Come counsel, dear tittie, don't tarry ;
 I'll gie you my bonny black hen,
 Gin ye will advise me to marry
 The lad I loe dearly, Tam Glen.
 Gin ye will, &c.



I had a Horse.

To its own Tune.

I HAD a horse, and I had nae mair,
I gat him frae my daddy,
My purse was light, and my heart was sair,
But my wit it was fu' ready.
An' sae I thought me on a time,
Out wittens of my daddy,
To fee mysell to a lawland laird,
Wha had a bonny lady.

I wrote a letter, and thus began,
“ Madam be not offended,
“ I'm o'er the lugs in love wi' you,
“ An' care not though ye kend it :
“ For I get little frae the laird,
“ An' far less frae my daddy,
“ An' I wad blythly be the man,
“ Wad strive to please my lady.

She read the letter an' she leugh,
Ye needna been sae blate, man,
You might ha'e come to me yoursell,
An' tauld me o' your state, man :

You might ha'e come to me yoursell,
Out wittens o' ony body,
An' made John Goukstone o' the laird,
An' kiss'd his bonny lady.

Then she pat siller in my purse,
We drank wine in a cogie,
She fee'd a man to rub my horse,
An' wow but I was vogie !
But I never gat sic a fleg,
Since first I left my daddy,
The laird cam rap, rap, to the yett,
When I was wi' his lady.

Then she pat me below a chair,
An' hap'd me wi' a plaidie ;
But I was like to swarf wi' fear,
An' wish'd me wi' my daddy.
The laird went out, he saw na me,
I went when I was ready :
I promis'd, but I ne'er gaed back,
To see his bonny lady.

The Land o' the Leal.

'TUNE—Hey titti tatti.

I'm wearing awa, Jean,
Like snaw when it's thaw, Jean ;
I'm wearing awa

To the land o' the leal.

There's nae sorrow there, Jean,
There's nae cauld nor care, Jean ;
The day is ay fair,

In the land o' the leal.

Ye were ay leal and true, Jean,
Your task's ended now, Jean,
And I'll welcome you

To the land o' the leal.

Our bonny bairn's there, Jean,
She was baith guid an' fair, Jean,
And we grudg'd her right sair

To the land o' the leal.

Then dry that tearfu' ee, Jean,
My soul lang's to be free Jean,
And angels wait on me

To the land o' the leal.

Now, fare ye weel, my ain Jean,
'This world's care is vain, Jean,
We'll meet and ay be fain
In the land o' the leal.

Charming Chloe.

TUNE—Dainty Davie.

It was the charming month of May,
When all the flow'rs were fresh and gay,
One morning, by the break of day,
The youthful, charming Chloe,
From peaceful slumber she arose,
Girt on her mantle and her hose,
And o'er the flow'ry mead she goes,
The youthful, charming Chloe,

Lovely was she by the dawn,
Youthful Chloe, charming Chloe,
Tripping o'er the pearly lawn,
The youthful, charming Chloe.

The feather'd people, you might see,
Perch'd all around on ev'ry tree,
In notes of sweetest melody
They hail the charming Chloe :

Till painting gay the eastern skies,
 The glorious sun began to rise ;
 Out-rival'd by the radiant eyes
 Of youthful, charming Chloe.
 Lovely was she, &c.

Donald M'Donald.

TUNE—Woo'd an' Married an' a.

My name it is Donald M'Donald,
 I live in the Highlands sae grand ;
 I've follow'd our banners, and will do,
 Wherever my Maker has land ;
 When rankit amang the blue bannets,
 Nae danger can fear me ava ;
 I ken that my brethren around me
 Are either to conquer or fa'.
 Brogues an' brochen an' a',
 Brochen an' brogues an' a' ;
 An' is na she very weel aff,
 Wha has brogues an' brochen an' a'.

Last year we were wonderfu' canty,
 Our friends an' our country to see ;
 But since the proud Consul's grown vauntie,
 We'll meet him by land or by sea.

Whenever a clan is disloyal,
 Wherever our king has a foe,
 He'll quickly see Donald M'Donald,
 Wi's Highlandmen a' in a row.
 Guns an' pistols an' a,
 Pistols an' guns an' a;
 He'll quickly see Donald M'Donald,
 Wi' guns an' pistols an' a'.

What tho' we befriendit young Charley,
 To tell it I dinna think shame,
 Poor lad, he came to us but barely,
 An' reckon'd our mountains his hame.
 Its true that our reason forbade us,
 But tenderness carried the day;
 Had Geordy come friendless amang us,
 Wi' him we had a' gane away;
 Sword an' buckler an' a',
 Buckler an' sword an' a';
 For George we'll encounter the devil,
 Wi' sword an' buckler an' a'.

An' O I wad eagerly press him,
 The keys o' the East to retain;
 For sude he gi'e up the possession,
 We'll soon hae to force them again:
 Than yield up ae inch wi' dishonour,
 Though it were my finishing blow;

He ay may depend on M'Donald,
Wi' Highlandmen a' in a row.
Knees an' elbows an' a',
Elbows an' knees an' a';
Depend upon Donald M'Donald,
His knees an' elbows an' a'.

If Bonaparte land at Fort William,
Auld Europe nae langer sall grane;
I laugh when I think how we'll gall him,
Wi' bullet, wi' steel, an' wi' stane.
Wi' rocks o' the Nevis an' Gairy,
We'll rattle him aff frae our shore;
Or lull him asleep in a cairney,
An' sing him Lochaber no more.
Stanes an' bullets an' a',
Bullets an' stanes an' a';
We'll finish the Corsican callan'
Wi' stanes an' bullets an' a'.

The Gordon is gude in a hurry,
An' Campbell is steel to the bane,
An' Grant, an' M'Kenzie, an' Murray,
An' Cameron will hurkle to nane.
The Stuart is sturdy an' wannel,
An' sae is M'Leod an' M'Kay,
An' I, their guid-brither M'Donald,
Shall ne'er be the last in they fray.

Brogues an' brochen an' a',
 Brochen an' brogues an' a';
 An' up wi' the bonny blue bannet,
 The kilt, an' the feather, an' a'.

Laigh-Country Sandy.

TUNE—Woo'd an' Married an' a.

My name it is Laigh-country Sandy,
 Ne'er fear'd for the face of a fae;
 By king an' by country I'll stand ay,
 Whenever they're threaten'd wi' wae;
 When arm'd an' plac'd in my station,
 To march, an' to front, an' to wheel,
 I'll fight for auld Scotland's salvation
 Against baith the Dutch an' the de'il.
 King an' people, an' a',
 Lords an' commons, an' a',
 Shall keep up their auld independence,
 Or Sandy shall fight till he fa'.

May I get my shouthers weel clankit,
 Gif e'er I tell aught but the truth,
 Your clans they can front it an' flank it,
 As weel as we lads o' the South.

Tho' Camerons, braw lads, took the gumples,
 An' wadna own Geordie ava ;
 Yet they'll hazard their necks an' their rumples,
 To chace the invaders awa.
 Drums an' trumpets an' a',
 Trumpets an' drums an' a' ;
 They'll hazard their necks an' their rumples,
 To chace the invaders awa.

Yet dinna think we are less faithfu'
 Than Donald's blue-banneted cor',
 Or yet o' our pallets mair laithfu',
 Sud Frenchmen e'er land on our shore.
 If e'er the tyrannical buckie
 A sword in our country sud draw,
 We'll rally a', happie go luckie,
 An' chace the invaders awa.
 Pikes an' batons, an' a',
 Batons an' pikes, an' a' ;
 We'll rattle the Corsican's shouthers
 Wi' pikes an' batons, an' a'.

Auld Scotland was never sae tipsy,
 Nor strutted sae braw in her gear,
 Sin' that time the Catholic gipsey
 Held all the hale kirks in a steer.
 For a' their religious pother,
 Baith kirkmen, seceders, an' a',

They'll thraw their opinions a' thruther,
An' thresh the invaders awa.
Whigs an' torries an' a',
Tories an' whigs an' a',
They'll drown their debates in a bumper,
An' chase the invaders awa.

The black fouk frae Symmie, that weir us
Wi' mony braw lang-nebbit words,
Sude ony great danger come near us,
Their books they will niffer for swords.
An' if the mischievous birkie
Into our dear country should come,
They'll cast a' their creeds at their a---s,
An' row-de-dow, follow the drum.
Wigs an' cassocks an' a',
Cassocks an' wigs an' a,
They'll cleek up a rusty brown Jennet,
An' thunder the rascals awa.

The wives an' the lasses enraged,
The grit anes as weel as the poor,
Their husbands and sweethearts engaged,
They'll kick up a terrible stour.
If ever they see the Sans Cullottes,
Their ladyships winna be slaw,
O' tankards an' plates to mak' bullets,
To pelt the invaders awa.

Tangs an' pokers an' a',
 Pokers an' tangs an' a';
 Wi' true Amazonian vigour,
 They'll pelt the invaders awa.

Kail Brose of Auld Scotland.

TUNE—Roast Beef of Old England.

WHEN our ancient forefathers agreed wi' the laird,
 For a piece o' guid ground for to be a kail-yard,
 It was to the brose that they paid their regard.

O! the kail-brose of auld Scotland,
 An' O! the Scottish kail-brose.

When Fergus, the first of our kings, I suppose,
 At the head of his nobles had vanquish'd our foes,
 Just before they began, they'd been feasting on brose.

O! the kail-brose, &c.

Our sogers were drest in their kilts an' short hose,
 Wi' their bonnets an' belts, which their dress did
 compose,

An' a bag o' oat-meal on their backs to be brose.
O! the kail-brose, &c.

At our annual elections for baillies or mayor,
Nae kick-shaws o' puddings or tarts were seen there,
But a cog o' guid brose was the favourite fare.
O! the kail brose, &c.

But when we remember the English our foes,
Our ancestors beat them with very few blows,
John Bull oft cried, O! let's rin, they've got brose.
O! the kail-brose, &c.

But now that the thistle is join'd to the rose,
An' the English nae langer are counted our foes,
We've lost a great deal o' our relish for brose.
O! the kail-brose, &c.

Yet each true-hearted Scotsman, by nature jocose,
Likes always to feast on a cog o' guid brose;
An' thanks be to heaven we've got plenty o' those!
O' the kail-brose, &c.

*Fat Brose of Auld Scotland. **

To the foregoing Tune.

SINCE the English on gutling such praises bestow,
As to boast all their courage to roast-beef they owe;
Of the brose let a Scotsman the excellence show.

O ! the fat brose of auld Scotland,
An' O ! the old Scottish fat brose.

Of their beef an' their pudding they need not much
boast,

How the vaunting Armada they drove from the coast;
When 'tis very well known the wind rul'd the roast.

O ! the fat-brose, &c.

Besides let me ask, e'er I give them belief,
When they sent for the Saxons to beg for relief,
Pray what had become of their pudding an' beef ?

O ! the poor beef of old England,
An' O ! the old English poor beef.

An Englishman, who having sometimes laughed at Sawny and his brose, thinks the following lines due to the captors of the *Invincible Standard*.

But how great the exploits that by brose have been
done !

It first taught the Romans, to fight was no fun ;
An' has oft made the beef-eating Englishman run.

O ! the fat-brose, &c.

When our gallant forefathers, as history shews,
Were a shield to their friends, and a terror to foes,
They were fed upon nothing but bannocks an' brose.

O ! the fat brose, &c.

O ! then we were happy, if happy could be,
For our country was brave, independent, an' free ;
What we are—you may go to St James's and see.

O ! the fat brose, &c.

How dwindled, alas ! is this sample we view ;
A poor sneaking race, who are " aye on the bow ;"
And, instead of true glory, who riches pursue.

O ! the fat brose, &c.

But stop, I must mention before I can close,
That a brave band of heroes has lately arose !
To revive the lost honor of country and brose.

O ! the fat-brose, &c.

'Then who can the honour of brose, pray, deny ?
When the hero we lately saw conquer an' die,
Made Frogs, Beef, and Pudding, in harmony cry—

O ! the fat-brose, &c.

Then let us in chorus our wishes proclaim,
 That the spirit, re-kindling, may rise to a flame;
 And that no honest Scotsman may ever think
 shame

To sing, O! the fat-brose of old Scotland,
 An' O! the old Scottish fat-brose.

Sic a Wife as Willie had.

TUNE—Linkumdoddie.

WILLIE Wastle dwalt on Tweed,
 The spot they ca'd it Linkumdoddie,
 Willie was a wabster gude,
 Cou'd stown a clue wi' ony body,
 He had a wife was dour an' din,
 O tinkler Madgie was her mother:
 Sic a wife as Willie had,
 I wad nae gie a button for her.

She has an ee, she has but ane,
 The cat has twa the very colour,

Five rusty teeth, forbye a stump,
A clapper tongue wad deave a miller :
A whiskin beard about her mou,
Her nose and chin they threaten ither ;
Sic a wife, &c.

She's bow-hough'd, she's beam-shinn'd,
Ae limpin leg a hand-breed shorter ;
She's twisted right, she's twisted left,
To balance fair on ilka quarter ;
She has a hump upon her breast,
The twin o' that upon her shouter ;
Sic a wife, &c.

Auld baudrons by the ingle sits,
An' wi' her loof her face a-washin ;
But Willie's wife is nae sae trig,
She dights her grunzie wi' a hushion :
Her walie nieves like midden-creels ;
Her face wad fyle the Logan-water ;
Sic a wife as Willie had,
I wadna gie a button for her.

What a Beau my Grannie was.

To its own Tune.

THE ladies all can best approve,
The strict attention of my love,
Though I decry their frippery,
The ton of fashions oft did try.
In days of old my granny told
The dress of every lad and lass,
But you shall know before I go,
O what a beau my grannie was.

With her hizzy, quizzzy, hizzy, frizzly,
Thunder dunder blunder O,
As I for fun, girls hither run,
My granny was a wonder O.

My granny had but her ain hair,
Which she in comely mode did wear,
But now with wool they load each skull,
An' frizzle it to make it stare ;
With feathers high as if 'twou'd fly,
Each girl for beauty aims to pass,

But 'twas not so long time ago,
When a great beau my granny was.
With her hizzy, &c.

My granny was both fair an' plump,
An' like a squirrel she could jump,
With coral lips an' natural hips,
But now each girl has her cork rump ;
The plated ruff looks well enough,
Now pigeon craws they wear alas !
Stuck out before, like the breast of a boar,
O what a beau my granny was.

With her hizzy, quizzzy, hizzy, frizzy,
Thunder dunder blunder O,
As I for fun, girls hither run,
My granny was a wonder O.



Jenny Lass.

'FUNE—Geary Owen.

O JENNY, lass, my bonny bird,
My daddy's dead, an' a' that ;
He's safely laid aneath the yird,
An' I'm his heir an' a' that.
An' a' that, an' a' that,
I'm now a laird an' a' that,
I've gear an' lands at my commands,
An' muckle mair than a' that.

He left me, wi' his dying breath,
A dwelling-house an' a' that,
A barn, a byer, an' wabs o' claith,
A gude peat-stack, an' a' that.
An' a' that, an' a' that,
I'm now a laird an' a' that,
I've harrows twa, cocks, hens, an' a',
A gricie too, an' a' that.

I've heaps o' claes for ilka-days,
For Sundays too, an' a' that ;
I've bills, an' bonds, an' large alones,
I've siller, gowd, an' a' that.

An' a' that, an' a' that,
I'm now a laird, an' a' that !
Sax gude fat kye, a calf forbye,
An' twa pet ewes, an' a' that.

A yard o' meadow lang braid lee,
An' stacks o' corn, an' a' that,
Inclos'd they're well wi' thorns an' trees,
I've carts, an' cars, an' that.
An' a' that, an' a' that,
I'm now a laird an' a' that ;
O gie's ye're lufe to be a proof,
Ye'll be a wife to a' that.

Now Jenny laid her neive in his,
Said she'd tak him wi' a' that,
An' he gied her a sappy kiss,
An' dauted her, an' a' that ;
An' a' that, an' a' that.
They set they day an' a' that,
When she'd gang hame to be his dame,
To hae a rant, an' a' that.



The Lammy.

To its own Tune.

WHARE hae ye been a' the day, my boy Tammy?
Whare hae ye been a' the day, my boy Tammy?
I've been by burn an' flow'ry brae,
Meadow green, an' mountain grey,
Courting o' this young thing, just come frae her
mammy.

An' whare gat ye that young thing, my boy Tammy?
I gat her down on yonder howe,
Smiling on a broomy knowe,
Herding a wee lamb an' ewe, for her poor mammy.

What said ye to the bonny bairn, my boy Tammy?
I prais'd her e'en sae bonny blue,
Her dimpled cheek an' cherry mou:
I prie'd it aft, as ye may trow—She said, she'd
tell her mammy.

I held her to my beating heart: “my young but
“smiling lammie!
“I hae a house, it cost me dear,
“I've walth o' plenishing an' gear;
“Ye'se get it a' war't ten times mair, gin ye will
leave your mammy.”

The smile gade aff her bonny face, “ I manna leave
my mammy ;

“ She’s gi’en me meat, she’s gi’en me claise,

“ She’s been my comfort a’ my days ;

“ My father’s death brought mony waes—I canna
“ leave my mammy.”

“ We’ll tak’ her hame an’ mak’ her fain, my ain
kind-hearted lammy !

“ We’ll gi’e her meat, we’ll gi’e her claise,

“ We’ll be her comfort a’ her days ;”

The wee thing gies her hand an’ says, “ There gang
an’ ask my mammy.”

“ Has she been to the kirk wi’ thee, my boy Tammy?”

“ She has been to the kirk wi’ me,

“ An’ the tear was in her ee,—

“ But oh ! she’s but a young thing, just come frae
mammy.”



Now Rosy May comes in.

TUNE—Dantie Davie.

Now rosy May comes in wi' flow'rs
 To deck her gay green spreading bow'rs ;
 And now come in my happy hours,
 To wander wi' my Davie.

The crystal waters round us fa' ;
 The merry birds are lovers a' ;
 The scented breezes round us blow ;
 A wandering wi' my Davie.

Meet me at the warlock knowe,
 Bonny Davie, dainty Davie ;
 There I'll spend the day wi' you,
 My ain dear dainty Davie.

When purple morning starts the hare,
 To steal upon her early fare,
 Then through the dews I will repair,
 To meet my faithfu' Davie.

When day, expiring in the west,
 The curtain draws of Nature's rest,
 I'll flee to's arms I lo'e the best,
 An' that's my ain dear Davie.

Meet me at, &c.

The Posie

To its own Tune.

O LOVE will venture in, where it darena weel be seen,
 O love will venture in where wisdom ance has been.
 But I will down yon river rove, amang the leaves sac
 green,
 An' a' to pu' a posie to my ain dear Jean.

The primrose I will pu', the firstling o' the year,
 An' I will pu' the pink the emblem o' my dear,
 For she's the pink o' womankind, (I will her ay
 esteem)
 An' a' to be a posie to my ain dear Jean.

I'll pu' the budding rose, when it glitters wi' the dew,
 For it's like a balmy kiss of her sweet bonny mou';
 The daisey for simplicity, an' unaffected mein,
 An' a' to be a posie for my ain dear Jean.

The lily it is pure, and the lily it is fair,
 An' in her lovely breast, I'll place the lily there;
 The hyacinth for constancy, an' sweetly smelling bean,
 An' a' to be a posie to my ain dear Jean.

The woodbine I will pu', when the e'enin' star is near,
 I'll pu' the vi'let too, which weel she fa's to wear;
 Wi' ilka flow'r on hill or dale, that's sweet or comely
 seen,
 An' a' to be a posie to my ain dear Jean.

I'll tie the posie roun' wi' the silken cord o' love,
 An' place it in her bosom, then swear by all above,
 That to my latest breath o' life the band sal ay remain,
 An' this will be a posie to my ain dear Jean.

O Willie brew'd a Peck o' Maut.

To its own Tune.

O WILLIE brew'd a peck o' maut,
 An' Rob an' Allan cam to see;
 Three blyther hearts that lee-lang night,
 Ye wadna found in Christendie.
 We are na fou, we're nae that fou,
 But just a drappie in our ee,
 The cock may crawl, the day may daw,
 An' ay we'll taste the barley bree,

Here are we met three merry boys,
Three merry boys I trow are we ;
And mony a night we've merry been,
An' mony mae we hope to be !
We are na fou, &c.

It is the moon, I ken her horn,
That's blinkin in the lift sae hie ;
She shines sae bright to wyle us hame !
But by my troth she'll wait a wee !
We are na fou, &c.

Wha first shall rise to gang awa,
A cuckold, coward loun is he !
Wha first beside his chair shall fa',
He is the king amang us three !
We are nae fou, &c.



Up an' waur them a' them Willie.

To its own Tune.

Up and waur them a', Willie,
Up and waur them a';
Get Jenny's hand in haly band,
Or e'er she win awa', Willie.

Her daddy tald me he was keen,
To hae a son like you, Willie;
Gin ye can please the lassie's een,
I'm sure he winna rue, Willie.
Up and waur them a', Willie,
Up and waur them a';
Gin ye can get her ain consent,
Its a' I want at a', Willie.

She has a house beyond the hill,
Whar lovers mony ca', Willie;
But ye may hae the best luck still,
Gin ye'll dress unco braw, Willie.
Up and waur them a', Willie,
Up and waur them a';
Gae put you on your Sunday's coat
And silken hose, an' a', Willie.

Gae wait the day her dad comes hame,
And in wi' him do gae, Willie;
If she refuse still be the same,
And still she may come to, Willie
Up and waur them a', Willie.
Up and waur them a';
Gin ye can but Pate's Jenny get,
None e'er will be sae braw, Willie.

The Blue Bells of Scotland.

To its own Tune.

Oh, where, and oh where, is your Highland laddie
gone?

He's gone to fight the French for King George upon
the throne:

And it's oh in my heart, I wish him safe at home.

Oh, where, and oh where did your Highland laddie
dwell?

He dwelt in merry Scotland, at the sign of the Blue
Bell;

And it's oh in my heart, I love my laddie well.

In what clothes, in what clothes is your Highland
laddie clad?

His bonnet's of the Saxon green, his waistcoat's of
the plaid;

And it's oh, in my heart, I love my Highland lad.

Suppose, and suppose that your Highland lad should
die?

The bag-pipes should play over him, I'd sit me down
and cry;

And it's oh, in my heart, I wish he may not die.



The Lass of Ballochmyle.

TUNE—The Blackbird.

'Twas even—the dewy fields were green,
On every blade the pearls hung ;
The zephyr wanton'd round the bean,
And bore its fragrant sweets along ;
In ev'ry glen the mavis sang,
All nature list'ning seem'd the while,
Except where green-wood echoes rang
Amang the braes o' Ballochmyle.

With careless step I onward stray'd,
My heart rejoic'd in nature's joy,
When musing in a lonely glade,
A maiden fair I chanc'd to spy ;
Her look was like the morning's eye,
Her air like nature's vernal smile ;
The lily's hue and rose's dye
Bespoke the lass o' Ballochmyle.

Fair is the morn in flow'ry May,
An' sweet is night in Autumn mild,
When roving thro' the garden gay,
Or wand'ring in the lonely wild :

But woman, nature's darling child !
There all her charms she does compile ;
Even there her other works are foil'd
By the bonny lass o' Ballochmyle.

O had she been a country maid,
And I the happy country swain,
Tho' shelter'd in the lowest shed
That ever rose on Scotland's plain !
Thro' weary winter's wind and rain,
With joy, with rapture, I would toil ;
And nightly to my bosom strain
The bonny lass o' Ballochmyle.

Then pride might climb the slipp'ry steep ;
Where fame and honour lofty shine ;
And thirst of gold might tempt the deep,
Or downward sink the Indian mine ;
Give me the cot below the pine,
To tend the flocks, or till the soil,
And ev'ry day has joys divine
Wi' the bonny lass o' Ballochmyle.

Ettrick Banks.

To its own Tune.

ON Ettrick banks, in a summer's night,
At gloaming when the sheep drave hame,
I met my lassie, braw and tight,
Come wading barefoot a' her lane :
My heart grew light ; I ran, I flang
My arms about her lily neck,
And kiss'd and clapt her there fu' lang,
My words they were na mony feck.

I said, my lassie, will ye go
To the Highland hills, the Earse to learn ?
I'll gie thee baith a cow and ewe,
When ye come to the brig of Earn.
At Leith auld meal comes in, ne'er fash,
And herrings at the Broomy Law ;
Cheer up your heart, my bonie lass,
There's gear to win we never saw.

All day when we have wrought enough,
When winter frosts and snaws begin,
Soon as the sun gaes west the loch,
At night when ye sit down to spin,

I'll screw my pipes, and play a spring;
And thus the weary night we'll end,
Till the tender kid and lamb-time bring
Our pleasant simmer back again.

Syne when the trees are in their bloom,
And gowans glent o'er ilka field,
I'll meet my lass amang the broom,
And lead her to my simmer shield.
There far frae a' their scornfu' din,
That make the kindly hearts their sport,
We'll laugh, and kiss, and dance, and sing,
And gar the langest day seem short.



Contented wi' Little.

TUNE—Lumps o' Puddings.

CONTENTED wi' little, and canty wi' mair,
Whene'er I forgather wi' sorry and care,
I gi'e them a skelp as they're creeping alang,
Wi' a cog o' gude ale, and an auld Scottish sang.
I whyles claw the elbow o' troublesome thought,
But man is a soldier, and life is a faught;
My mirth and good humour are coin in my pouch,
And my Freedom's my lairdship nae monarch dare
touch.

A towmond o' trouble, should that be my fa',
A night o' gude fellowship southers it a';
When at the blythe end of our journey at last,
Wha the de'il ever thinks o' the road he has past.
Blind chance, let her snapper and stoyte on her way,
Be't to me, be't frae me, e'en let the jade gae,
Come ease, or come travail, come pleasure or pain;
My warst word is "Welcome, and welcome again."

Fairest Maid on Devon Banks.

TUNE—Rothiemurcus Rant.

FAIREST maid on Devon Banks !

Crystal Devon, winding Devon,
Wilt thou lay that frown aside,
And smile as thou wert wont to do ?
Full well thou know'st I love thee dear ;
Could'st thou to malice lend an ear !
O did not love exclaim, " Forbear !
" Nor use a faithful lover so ?"

FAIREST maid on Devon banks !

Crystal Devon, winding Devon,
Wilt thou lay that frown aside,
And smile as thou wert wont to do ?
Then come, thou fairest of the fair !
Those wonted smiles, O let me share !
And, by thy beauteous self I swear,
No love but thine my heart shall know.

Auld Rob Morris.

To its own Tune.

THERE'S auld Rob Morris that wons in yon glen,
He's the king of gude fellows, and wale of auld men;
He has gowd in his coffers, he has sheep, he has kine,
And ae bonny lassie his darling and mine.

She's fresh as the morning, the fairest in May,
She's sweet as the ev'ning amang the new hay;
As blythe and as artless as the lambs on the lea,
And dear to my heart as the light to my ee.

But oh, she's an heiress, auld Robin's a laird,
And my daddie has nought but a cot-house and yard:
A wooer like me maunna hope to come speed;
The wounds I maun hide which will soon be my
dead.

The day comes to me, but delight brings me nane;
The night comes to me, but my rest it is gane;
I wander my lane like a night-troubled ghaist,
And I sigh as my heart it wad burst in my breast.



O had she but been of a lower degree,
I then might ha'e hop'd she wad smil'd upon me !
O, how past describing had then been my bliss,
As now my distraction no words can express !

Bonny Dundee.

To its own Tune.

O WHAR gat ye that bonny blue bannet ?
O silly blind body, canna ye see ?
I gat it frae a bonny Scots callan,
Atween St Johnstoun an' bonny Dundee.
An' O gin I saw but the laddie that ga'e me't,
Fu' aft has he doudled me on o' his knee ;
But now he's awa, an' I dinna ken whar he's,
O ! gin he were back to his minny and me.

My heart has nae room when I think on my dawty ;
His dear rosy haffets bring tears in my ee ;
But now he's awa, an' I dinna ken whar he's,
Gin we cou'd ance meet we's ne'er part till we die.
And O ! gin I saw but my bonny Scots callan,
Fu' aft has he doudled me on o' his knee ;
But now he's awa, and I dinna ken whar he's,
O ! gin he were back to his minny an' me.

Lewie Gordon.

To its own Tune.

O SEND Lewie Gordon hame,
An' the lad I winna name ;
Tho' his back be at the wa',
Here's to him that's far awa'.
O hon, my Highlandman !
O my bonny Highlandman ;
Weel wou'd I my true-love ken
Amang ten thousand Highlandmen.

O to see his tartan trews !
Bonnet blue, an' laigh-heel'd shoes,
Philabeg aboon his knee ;
That's the lad that I'll gang wi'.
O hon, &c.

This lovely youth, of whom I sing,
Is fitted for to be a king :
On his breast he wears a star,
You'd take him for the god of war.
O hon, &c.

O to see this princely one
Seated on a royal throne !

Disasters a' wou'd disappear ;
 Then begins the jub'lee year.
 O hon, &c.

O let me in this ae Night.

To its own Tune.

O LASSIE art thou sleeping yet ?
 O art thou wakin', I would wit ?
 For love has bound me hand and foot,
 And I would fain be in jo.
 O let me in this ae night,
 This ae ae ae night,
 For pity's sake, this ae night ;
 O wad ye let me in jo.

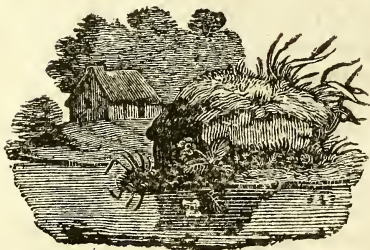
Out o'er the moss, out o'er the muir,
 I came, this dark and dreary hour,
 And here I stand without the door,
 Amid the pouring storm, jo.
 O let me, &c.

Thou hear'st the winter wind and weet,
 Nae star blinks through the driving sleet,

Tak' pity on my weary feet,
And shield me frae the rain, jo.
O let me, &c.

The bitter blast that round me blaws,
Unheeded howls, unheeded fa's ;
The cauldness o' thy heart's the cause
O' a' my grief and pain, jo.
O let me, &c.

O tell na me of wind and rain,
Upbraid na me wi' cauld disdain,
Gae back the gate you cam' again,
I winna let you in, jo.
O tell na me, &c.



Mourn, hapless Caledonia.

TUNE—The Tears of Scotland.

MOURN, hapless Caledonia, mourn
Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn !
Thy sons, for valour long renown'd,
Lie slaughter'd on their native ground !
Thy hospitable roofs no more
Invite the stranger to the door ;
In smoky ruins sunk they lie,
The monuments of cruelty !

The wretched owner sees, afar,
His all become the prey of war ;
Bethinks him of his babes and wife,
Then smites his breast, and curses life.
Thy swains are famish'd on the rocks,
Where once they fed their wanton flocks :
Thy ravish'd virgins shriek in vain ;
Thy infants perish on the plain.

What boots it then, in every clime,
Through the wide spreading waste of time,
Thy martial glory, crown'd with praise,
Still shone with undiminish'd bláze :

Thy towering spirit now is broke,
Thy neck is bended to the yoke !
What foreign arms could never quell,
By civil rage, and rancour fell.

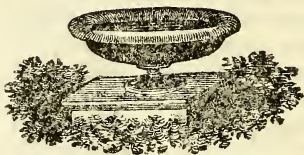
The rural pipe, and merry lay,
No more shall cheer the happy day ;
No social scenes of gay delight
Beguile the dreary winter night :
No strains, but those of sorrow, slow,
And nought be heard but sounds of woe.
While the pale phantoms of the slain,
Glide nightly o'er the silent plain.

Oh ! baneful cause, oh ! fatal morn,
Accurs'd to ages yet unborn !
The sons against their fathers stood ;
The parents shed their children's blood :
Yet, when the rage of battle ceas'd,
The victor's soul was not appeas'd,
The naked and forlorn must feel
Devouring flames, and murdering steel !

The pious mother, doom'd to death,
Forsaken, wanders o'er the heath ;
The bleak wind whistles round her head,
Her helpless orphans cry for bread !
Bereft of shelter, food, and friend,
She views the shades of night descend,

And stretch'd beneath th' inclement skies,
Weeps o'er her tender babes, and dies !

While the warm blood bedews my veins,
And unimpair'd remembrance reigns,
Resentment of my country's fate
Within my filial breast shall beat :
And, spite of her insulting foe,
My sympathizing verse shall flow ;
Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn
Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn !



Roy's Wife.

TUNE—The Ruffian's Rant.

Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
Wat ye how she cheated me,
As I came o'er the braes o' Balloch.

She vow'd, she swore, she wad be mine;
She said she loo'd me best of ony;
But ah! the saucy fickle quean,
She's ta'en the carle an' left her Johnie.
Roy's wife, &c.

Her hair sae fair, her een sae clear,
Her wee bit mou sae sweet an' bonie,
To me she ever will be dear,
Tho' she's for ever left her Johnie.
Roy's wife, &c.

But O, she was a canty quean,
An' weel could dance the Highland walloch;
How happy I had she been mine,
Or I'd been Roy of Aldivalloch.
Roy's wife, &c.

In Simmer when the Hay was mawn.

TUNE—John, come kiss me now.

IN simmer when the hay was mawn,
 And corn wav'd green in ilka field,
 While clover blooms white o'er the lea,
 And roses blaw in ilka bield;
 Blythe Bessie in the milking shiel,
 Says, I'll be wed, come o't what will.
 Out spak' a dame in wrinkled eild,
 ' Of gude advisement comes nae ill.

' It's ye hae wooers mony ane,
 ' And lassie ye're but young, ye ken;
 ' Then wait a wee, and cannie wale
 ' A routhie butt, a routhie ben:
 ' There's Johnie o' the Buskie-glen,
 ' Fu' is his barn, fu' is his byre;
 ' Tak' this frae me, my bonie hen,
 ' It's plenty beets the lover's fire.

" For Johnie o' the Buskie-glen,
 " I dinna care a single flie;
 " He lo'es sae weel his craps an' kye,
 " He has nae love to spare for me:

- " But blythe's the blink o' Robie's ee,
 " An' weel I wat he looes me dear ;
 " Ae blink o' him I wadna gie
 " For Buskie-glen and a' his gear".
- ' Oh !- thoughtless lassie, life's a fecht,
 ' The canniest gate, the strife is sair ;
 ' But ay fu' hand is fechtin best,
 ' A hungry care's an unca care ;
 ' But some will spend, and some will spare,
 ' And wilfu' fouk maun hae their will ;
 Syne as ye brew, my maiden fair,
 ' Keep mind that ye maun drink the ale.'
- " O gear will buy me rigs o' land,
 " And gear will buy me sheep and kye ;
 " But the tender heart o' leesome love,
 " The gowd and siller canna buy :
 " We may be poor, my Rob and I,
 " Light is the burden love lays on :
 " Content and love bring peace and joy,
 " What mair hae queens upon a throne ?"

I gaed a waefu' Gate Yestreen.

TUNE—My only Jo and Dearie, O.

I GAED a waefu' gate yestreen,
A gate, I fear, I'll dearly rue ;
I gat my death frae twa sweet een,
Twa lovely een of bonie blue.

'Twas not her golden ringlets bright,
Her lips like roses wet wi' dew,
Her heaving bosom, lily white,—
It was her een sae bonie blue.

She ta'ed, she smil'd, my heart she wyl'd,
She charm'd my soul, I wist na how ;
And ay the stound, the deadly wound,
Came frae her een sae bonie blue.

But spare to speak, and spare to speed ;
She'll aiblins listen to my vow :
Should she refuse, I'll lay my dead
To her twa een sae bonnie blue,

Saw ye Johnny coming.

TUNE—Fee him, Father.

Saw ye Johnny coming, quo' she,

Saw ye Johnny coming :

Saw ye Johnny coming, quo' she,

Saw ye Johnny coming ;

Wi' his blue bonnet on his head,

And his dogie running,

• Wi' his blue bonnet on his head,

And his dogie running, quo' she,

And his dogie running?

O fee him, father, fee him, quo' she,

Fee him, father, fee him;

O fee him, father, fee him, quo' she,

Fee him, father, fee him ;

For he is a gallant lad,

And a weel-doing,

And a' the wark about the town

Gaes weel when I see him, quo' she,

Gaes weel when I see him.

O what will I do wi' him, quoth he,

What will I do wi' him ?

He has ne'er a coat upon his back,

An' I hae nane to gie him.

I hae twa coats into my kist,
An' ane of them I'll gie him ;
An' for a merk of mair fee,
Dinna stand wi' him, quo' she,
Dinna stand wi' him.

For weel do I loe him, quo' she,
Weel do I loe him ;
For weel do I loe him, quo' she,
Weel do I loe him.
O fee him, father, fee him, quo' she,
Fee him, father, fee him ;
He'll haud the pleugh, thrash in the barn,
An' crack wi' me at e'en, quo' she,
An' crack wi' me at e'en.



Thou hast left me ever, Jamie.

TUNE—Fee him, Father.

THOU hast left me ever, Jamie,
Thou hast left me ever ;
Thou hast left me ever, Jamie,
Thou hast left me ever.
Often hast thou vowed that death
Only should us sever :
Now thou'st left thy lass for ay—
I must see thee never, Jamie,
I will see thee never.

Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie,
Thou hast me forsaken ;
Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie,
Thou hast me forsaken.
Thou canst love another maid,
While my heart is breaking ;
Soon my weary eyes I'll close,
Never more to waken, Jamie,
Never more to waken.

Farewel, thou fair Day.

TUNE—My Lodging is on the cold Ground.

FAREWEL, thou fair day, thou green earth. and ye
skies,

Now gay with the broad setting sun !

Farewel, loves and friendships, ye dear tender ties !

Our race of existence is run.

Thou grim King of Terrors, thou life's gloomy foe,
Go frighten the coward and slave !

Go teach them to tremble, fell tyrant ! but know,
No terrors hast thou to the brave.

Thou strik'st the dull peasant, he sinks in the dark,
Nor saves e'en the wreck of a name ;

Thou strik'st the young hero, a glorious mark !
He falls in the blaze of his fame.

In the field of proud honour, our swords in our hands,
Our King and our Country to save,
While victory shines on life's last ebbing sands,
O, who would not die with the brave !

Again rejoicing Nature sees.

TUNE—Johnny's Grey Brecks.

AGAIN rejoicing Nature sees
 Her robe assume its vernal hues ;
 Her leafy locks wave in the breeze
 All freshly steep'd in morning dews.
 In vain to me the cowslips blaw,
 In vain to me the vi'lets spring,
 In vain to me, in glen or shaw,
 The mavis and the lintwhite sing.

The merry ploughboy cheers his team,
 Wi' joy the tentie seedsman stalks ;
 But life to me's a weary dream,
 A dream of ane that never wauks.
 The sheep-herd steeks his faulding slap,
 And o'er the moorlands whistles shill,
 Wi' wild, unequal, wand'ring step,
 I meet him on the dewy hill.

And when the lark 'tween light and dark,
 Blythe waukens by the daisy's side,
 And mounts and sings on flitt'ring wings,
 A wae-worn ghaist I hameward glide.

Come, Winter, with thine angry howl,
 And raging bend the naked tree ;
 Thy gloom will soothe my cheerless soul
 When Nature all is sad like me.

What can a young Lassie.

To its own Tune.

WHAT can a young lassie, what shall a young lassie,
 What can a young lassie do wi' an auld man ;
 Bad luck on the penny that tempted my minny
 To sell her poor Jenny for siller an' lan'.
 Bad luck, &c.

He's always compleenin frae mornin' to eenin',
 He hosts and he hirples the weary day lang :
 He's doyl't an' he's dozin, his blude it is frozen,
 O dool on the day I met wi' an auld man !
 He's doyl't, &c.

He hums and he hankers, he frets and he cankers,
 I never can please him, do a' that I can ;

He's peevish, and jealous of a' the young fellows,
O dool on the day I met wi' an auld man !

He's peevish, &c.

My auld auntie Katie upon me taks pity,
I'll do my endeavour to follow her plan ;
I'll cross him, and wrack him, until I heart-break him,
And then his auld brass will buy me a new pan !
I'll cross him, &c.

Since Wedlock's in Vogue.

TUNE---What can a young Lassie.

SINCE wedlock's in vogue, and stale virgins despis'd,
To all batchelors greeting, these lines are premis'd ;
I'm a maid that would marry—ah ! could I but find
(I care not for fortune) a man to my mind !

I'm a maid, &c.

Not the fair-weather fop, fond of fashion and dress ;
Not the squire, who can relish no joys but the chace ;

Nor the free-thinking rake, whom no morals can
bind :

Neither this—that—nor t'other's the man to my mind.
Nor the free, &c.

Not the ruby-fac'd sot, who topes world without
end ;

Nor the drone, who can't relish his bottle and friend,
Nor the fool that's too fond ; nor the churl that's
unkind :

Neither this—that—nor t'other's the man to my mind.
Nor the fool, &c.

Not the wretch with full bags, without breeding or
merit ;

Nor the flash, that's all fury without any spirit ;
Nor the fine Master Fribble, the scorn of mankind :
Neither this—that—nor t'other's the man to my mind.
Nor the fine, &c.

But the youth whom good sense and good nature
inspire ;

Whom the brave must esteem, and the fair should
admire ;

In whose heart love and truth are with honor conjoin'd,
This, this, and no other's the man to my mind.

In whose heart, &c.

Bonie Lassie, will ye go.

TUNE—The Birks of Abergeldie.

BONIE lassie, will ye go,
Will ye go, will ye go,
Bonie lassie, will ye go
To the birks of Aberfeldy ?
Now simmer blinks on flow'ry braes,
And o'er the crystal streamlet plays ;
Come let us spend the lightsome days
In the birks of Aberfeldy.

Bonie lassie, will ye go,
Will ye go, will ye go,
Bonie lassie will ye go
To the birks of Aberfeldy ?
The little birdies blythely sing,
While o'er their heads the hazels hing,
Or lightly flit on wanton wing
In the birks of Aberfeldy.

Bonie lassie, will ye go,
Will ye go, will ye go,
Bonie lassie, will ye go
To the birks of Aberfeldy ?

The braes ascend like lofty wa's,
The foaming stream deep-roaring fa's,
O'er-hung wi' fragrant spreading shaws,
The birks of Aberfeldy.

Bonie lassie, will ye go,
Will ye go, will ye go,
Bonie lassie will ye go
To the birks of Aberfeldy?
The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flowers,
White o'er the linns the burnie pours,
An' rising weets, wi' misty showers,
The birks of Aberfeldy.

Bonie lassie, will ye go,
Will ye go, will ye go,
Bonie lassie, will ye go,
To the birks of Aberfeldy?
Let Fortune's gift at random flee,
They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me,
Supremely blest wi' love an' thee
In the birks of Aberfeldy.



Where are the Joys.

TUNE—Saw ye my Father.

WHERE are the joys I have met in the morning,
That danc'd to the lark's early song?
Where is the peace that awaited my wand'ring,
At ev'ning the wild-woods among?

No more a winding the course of yon river,
An' marking sweet flow'rets so fair;
No more I trace the light footsteps of pleasure,
But sorrow an' sad sighing care.

Is it that summer's forsaken our valleys,
An' grim, surly winter is near?
No, no! the bees, humming round the gay roses,
Proclaim it the pride of the year.

Fain would I hide what I fear to discover,
Yet long, long too well have I known:
All that has caused this wreck in my bosom,
Is Jenny, fair Jenny alone.

Time cannot aid me, my griefs are immortal,
Not hope dare a comfort bestow:
Come, then, enamour'd and fond of my anguish,
Enjoyment I'll seek in my woe.

Behold my Love, how green the Groves.

TUNE—Down the Burn, Davie.

BEHOLD my love, how green the groves,
The primrose banks how fair ;
The balmy gales awake the flowers,
And wave thy flaxen hair.
The lav'rock shuns the palace gay,
An' o'er the cottage sings ;
For nature smiles as sweet, I ween,
To shepherds as to kings.

Let minstrels sweep the skilful string,
In lordly lighted ha',
The shepherd stops his simple reed,
Blythe in the birken shaw.
The princely revel may survey
Our rustic dance wi' scorn ;
But are their hearts as light as ours
Beneath the milk-white thorn ?

The shepherd in the flow'ry glen,
In shepherd's phrase will woo :
The courtier tells a finer tale,
But is his heart as true ?

These wild-wood flowers I've pu'd to deck
 That spotless breast o' thine ;
 The courtier's gems may witness love—
 But 'tis nae love like mine.

Farewell, ye Dungeons.

TUNE—M'Pherson's Rant.

FARWELL, ye dungeons dark and strong,
 The wretch's destinie !
 M'Pherson's time will not be long
 On yonder gallows-tree.
 Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,
 Sae dauntingly gaed he ;
 He play'd a spring, and danc'd it round,
 Below the gallows-tree.

O what is death but parting breath ?
 On many a bloody plain
 I've dar'd his face, and in this place
 I scorn him yet again !
 Sae rantingly, &c.

Untie these bands from off my hands,
 An' bring to me my sword ;

And there's no a man in a' Scotland,
But I'll brave him at a word.
Sae rantingly, &c.

I've liv'd a life of sturt an' strife,
I die by treacherie ;
It burns my heart I must depart
And not avenged be.
Sae rantingly, &c.

Now farewell, light, thou sunshine bright,
And all beneath the sky !
May coward shame disdain his name,
The wretch that dares not die !
Sae rantingly, &c.



Ah ! Chloris could I now but sit.

TUNE—Gilderoy.

AH ! Chloris could I now but sit,
As unconcern'd as when
Your infant beauty could beget
No happiness nor pain.
When I this dawning did admire,
An' prais'd the coming day,
I little thought that rising fire,
Would take my rest away.

Your charms in harmless childhood lay
As metals in a mine ;
Age from no face takes more away,
Than youth conceal'd in thine.
But as your charms insensibly
To their perfection prest ;
So love as unperceiv'd did fly,
An' center'd in my breast.

My passion with your beauty grew,
While Cupid at my heart,
Still as his mother favour'd you,
Threw a new flaming dart,

Each gloried in their wanton part;
 To make a beauty, she
 Employ'd the utmost of her art;
 To make a lover, he.

O whistle an' I'll come to you.

Irish Air.

O WHISTLE an' I'll come to you, my lad,
 O whistle an' I'll come to you, my lad,
 Tho' father an' mother, an' a' should gae mad,
 O whistle an' I'll come to you, my lad.
 Come down the back stairs when ye come to court
 me,
 Come down the back stairs when ye come to court
 me,
 Come down the back stairs, an' let naebody see,
 An' come as ye were na coming to me,
 An' come as ye were na coming to me.

O whistle an' I'll come to you, my lad,
 O whistle an' I'll come to you, my lad;
 Tho' father, an' mother, an' a' should gae mad,
 O whistle an' I'll come to you, my lad.

At kirk or at market, whene'er ye meet me,
Gang by me as tho' that ye car'd na a flie !
But steal me a blink o' your bonie black ee,
Yet look as ye were na looking at me,
Yet look as ye were na looking at me.

O whistle an' I'll come to you, my lad,
O whistle an' I'll come to you, my lad ;
Tho' father, an' mother, an' a' should gae mad,
O whistle an' I'll come to you, my lad.
Ay vow an' protest that ye carena for me,
An' whyles ye may lightly my beauty a-wee ;
But court nae anither, tho' joking ye be,
For fear that she wyle your fancy frae me,
For fear that she wyle your fancy frae me.



A Rose-bud by my early Walk.

A ROSE-BUD by my early walk,
Adown a corn-inclosed bawk,
Sae gently bent its thorny stalk,
All on a dewy morning.
Ere twice the shades of dawn are fled,
In all its crimson glory spread,
And, drooping rich the dewy-head,
It scents the early morning.

Within the bush, her covert nest
A little linnet fondly prest,
The dew sat chilly on her breast,
Sae early in the morning.
She soon shall see her tender brood,
The pride, the pleasure o' the wood,
Amang the fresh green leaves bedew'd,
Awake the early morning.

So thou, dear bird, young Jeany fair,
On trembling string, or vocal air,
Shalt sweetly pay the tender care
That tents thy early morning.
So thou, sweet rose-bud, young an' gay,
Shalt beauteous blaze upon the day,
An' bless the parent's evening ray
That watch'd thy early morning.

O Tibby I hae seen the Day.

TUNE—Gin a Body meet a Body.

O TIBBIE ! I hae seen the day
Ye wad na been sae shy ;
For lack o' gear ye lightly me,
But troth, I care na by.
Yestreen I met you on the moor,
Ye spake na, but gaed by like stoure ;
Ye geck at me because I'm poor,
But fient a hair care I.

O Tibbie ! I hae seen the day
Ye wad na been sae shy ;
For lack o' gear ye lightly me,
But troth, I care na by.
I doubt na, lass, but ye may think,
Because ye hae the name o' clink,
That ye can please me at a wink,
Whene'er ye like to try.

O Tibbie ! I hae seen the day
Ye wad na been sae shy ;
For lack o' gear ye lightly me,
But troth, I care na by.

But sorrow tak' him that's sae mean,
Although his pouch o' coin were clean,
Wha follows ony saucy quean
That looks sae proud and high.

O Tibbie ! I hae seen the day
Ye wad na been sae shy ;
For lack o' gear ye lightly me,
But troth, I care na by.
Although a lad were e'er sae smart,
If he but want the yellow dirt,
Ye'll cast your head anither airt,
And answer him fu' dry.

O Tibbie ! I hae seen the day
Ye wad na been sae shy ;
For lack o' gear ye lightly me,
But troth, I care na by.
But if he hae the name o' gear,
Ye'll fasten to him like a brier,
Tho' hardly he, for sense or lear,
Be better than the kye.

O Tibbie ! I hae seen the day
You wad na been sae shy ;
For lack o' gear ye lightly me,
But troth, I care na by.

There lives a lass in yonder park,
I wad na gie her under sark
For thee, wi' a' thy thousand mark ;
Ye need na look sae high.

The Sodger's Return.

TUNE—The Mill Mill O.

WHEN wild war's deadly blast was blawn,
And gentle peace returning,
And eyes again with pleasure beam'd,
That had been blear'd with mourning ;
I left the lines, and tented field,
Where lang I'd been a lodger,
A humble knapsack a' my wealth,
A poor but honest soldier.

A leel light heart beat in my breast,
My hand unstain'd wi' plunder ;
And for fair Scotia, hame again,
I cheery on did wander :
I thought upon the banks o' Coil,
I thought upon my Nancy,

I thought upon the witching smile
That caught my youthful fancy.

At length I reach'd the bonny glen,
Where early life I sported ;
I past the mill, an' trysting thorn,
Where Nancy aft I courted :
Wha spied I, but my ain dear maid,
Down by her mother's dwelling !
An' turn'd me round to hide the floof
That in my een was swelling.

Wi' alter'd voice, quoth I, sweet lass,
Sweet as yon hawthorn's blossom,
O ! happy, happy may he be,
That's dearest to thy bosom :
My purse is light, I've far to gang,
An' fain wad be thy lodger,
I've serv'd my king an' country lang,
Tak pity on a sodger.

Sae wistfully she gaz'd on me,
An' lov'lier grew than ever
Quoth she, a sodger ance I lo'ed,
Forget him shall I never ;
Our humble cot, an' hamely fare,
Ye freely shall partake it,
That gallant badge, the dear cockade,
Ye're welcome for the sake o't.

She gaz'd—she redden'd like a rose—
 Synne pale like ony lily,
She sank within my arms, an' cried,
 Art thou my ain dear Willie?—
By Him who made yon sun an' sky!
 By whom true love's regarded,
I am the man—an' thus may still
 True lovers be rewarded!

The wars are o'er, an' I'm come hame,
 An' find thee still true-hearted;
Tho' poor in gear, we're rich in love,
 An' mair we'se ne'er be parted.
Quoth she, my grandsire left me gowd,
 A mailen plenish'd fairly;
An' come, my faithfu' sodger lad,
 Thou'rt welcome to it dearly!

For gold the merchant ploughs the main,
 The farmer ploughs the manor;
But glory is the soldier's prize,
 The sodger's wealth is honor;
The brave poor sodger ne'er despise,
 Nor count him as a stranger;
Remember he's his country's stay,
 In day an' hour o' danger.

The Highland Laddie.

To its own Tune.

THE Lawland lads think they are fine;
But O they're vain an' idly gawdy!
How much unlike the gracefu' mein,
An' manly looks o' my Highland laddie:
O my bonny Highland laddie,
My handsome charming Highland laddie;
May heaven still guard, an' love reward,
Our Lawland lass an' her Highland laddie.

If I were free at will to chuse,
To be wealthiest Lawland lady,
I'd tak young Donald without trows,
Wi' bonnet blue an' belted plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

The brawest beau in burrow' town,
In a' his airs, wi' art made ready,
Compar'd to him he's but a clown:
He's finer far in's tartan plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

O'er benty hills wi' him I'll run,
An' leave my Lawland kin an' daddy,
Frae winter's cauld, an' summer's sun,
He'll screen me wi' his tartan plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

Few compliments between us pass,
I ca' him my dear Highland laddie:
An' he ca's me his Lawland lass,
Syne rows me in beneath his plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

Nae greater joy I'll e'er pretend,
Than that his love prove true an' steady,
Like mine to him, which ne'er shall end,
While Heaven preserves my Highland laddie.
O my bonny, &c.



The Deil cam fidd'ling.

TUNE—My Mother did so before me.

THE de'il cam fidd'ling thro' the town,
An' danc'd awa wi' the exciseman ;
An' ilka auld wife cried, " Auld Mahoun,
" We wish you luck o' the prize man.

" We'll mak our maut, an' brew our drink,
" We'll dance and sing an' rejoice man ;
" An' mony thanks to the muckle black de'il,
" That danc'd awa wi' the exciseman.

" There's threesome reels, an' foursome reels,
" There's hornpipes an' strathspeys, man ;
" But the ae best dance e'er cam to the lan',
" Was the deil's awa wi' the exciseman."



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